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Manæn & Mitylene,

Maranatha.

By Rev. F. R. Holeman,

Rector of Christ Church, Longwood, Florida.



*Behold the Bridegroom cometh,
Go ye out to meet Him.*

ST. MATT. 25-6.



1884.
PRESS OF FRED F. GOTTSCHALK,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

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TO MY DEAR MOTHER,

MRS. M. P. HOLEMAN,

OF FRANKFORT, KY.

this humble little volume is lovingly dedicated.

*Go forth little book, imperfect indeed,
And do thy best work, in sowing good seed;
And grant O my God! that nothing herein,
May sink to the heart, whose fruit will be sin.*

PREFACE.

Some of those who shall think it worth their while to read this little poem, will, notwithstanding its imperfections, easily observe the simple meaning, and to them it may suggest thoughts not altogether out of harmony with their own conceptions of the Kingdom of God.

The object of the author is in telling a story of gentle loving hearts, to present a picture of the Christ in His work of mercy and love, gathering from the sinful world His holy Church, and through suffering and severe discipline, bringing Her into oneness with Himself, as He is one in God and as the bride is made one with her Lord, thus leading mankind from the borders of darkness and death to the Light and Life of God, and making the everlasting atonement. In the picture he would present the mysterious and unseen working of Spiritual powers of good and evil in the hearts of men, sent to try them as gold and silver are tried, and to separate the true and good from the vile and worthless, as the gold is severed from the dross in the burning.

The subject is worthy of a more gifted pen, but the author, fully conscious of his weakness, hopes that the picture notwithstanding its many imperfections, will not fail to accomplish some of the hoped for good, and thus sends it forth on its mission of love.

F. R. HOLEMAN,

Missionary at Christ Church.

LONGWOOD, ORANGE CO., FLA.

Meaning of the Proper Names.

ALIAN	High.
RUEL	Friend of God.
MARY	Star of the Sea.
HOBAB	Love.
BINEA	Son of the Lord.
MANAEN	A Comforter.
MITYLENE	Purity.
MARANATHA	The Lord is coming.



Manaen and Mitylene,

MARANATHA.

PART I.

Lend your ear, O gentle Christian !
As at quiet even-fall,
Ancient rocks in woodlands olden,
Seem to listen in the starlight
To the distant water-fall.

Hear me as of old, the princes
Stopping in the dance to hear,
Listened to the aged minstrel,
Telling some wild, moving story
Of the shadowy distant year.

O'er his silver harp strings bending
With a skillful touch and strong,
'Till as fierce winds move the forests,
Were their hearts moved by a spirit,
By the spirit of the song.

I will tell of gentle Manaen,
And the lovely Mityleen;
How they lived, and loved, and suffered
How afar in pain they wandered,
By the cruelty of men.

And I'll sing of Jesus' Kingdom;
Of her sorrows, of her grace,
Of her oneness, when her sorrows,
As the fingers of the angels,
Fit her for the Prince of Peace.

For the Lord is as the Bridegroom,
With Him shall His church abide,
And the growing into oneness,
Is the gentle Bridegroom, taking
To Himself, His spotless Bride.

And the endless round of feasting,
When shall come the nuptial day,
Is a rapturous joy, exceeding
Every yearning, prayer and pleading,
In the Spirits inward feeding,
On the Life of God away.



The River.

Through the little ways and by-ways,
Flow the tiny drops of rain,
Running, mingling with each other,
'Till a pressing flood, resistless,
Flow they onward to the main.

Somewhere, thus, a noisy river,
Joyous, playful, bright and free,
Sparkling as the smiles of children,
O'er the rocks, through ancient forests,
Wanders onward to the sea.

As the hearts, touched by the spirit,
Winging from the Christ above,
Flow together and commingle,
'Till all people are united
In the oneness of His love.

As the troubled heart that struggles
With the evil world of sin,
Is serene as time advances,
So this lovely limpid river
Flowing onward, grew serene.

Brightly mirrored in its bosom,
 Beauteous clouds moved gently on.
In its depths, as in the heavens,
Flaming stars of evening sparkled,
 And in glory rode the moon.

As within the Christian bosom,
 Christ the Lord, eternal Love,
With the hosts of heavenly powers,
Round about Him, is the image,
 Of the reign of God above.

In the heart, as in the river,
 Light and beauty, most are seen,
When the gush of life is over,
And God's image is reflected
 In the chastened hearts of men.

By the river wave the forests,
 And the shadows fall apace,
As, beside life's stream eternal
Shadows are, where rest the angels,
 Laden with the gifts of grace.

From the branches o'er its margin,
 Wild birds chirp their sweetest lays,
Build their nests beside the waters,
Teach their eager little nestlings,
 Sweetest songs of other days.

Here they sing those songs primeval
Aye, the same and sweetly sung,
As the deep things of the Father,
Coming on, through generations,
Echoed down from tongue to tongue.

Brightly clad, in varied plumage,
Flying through the quiet sky,
Droop they on the wing, to nestle,
Choose this of all other places,
As the meetest for their stay.

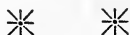
Calmly winds, forever onward
By the rocks, the flowing stream,
By the mighty oaks and elm trees,
Through a valley, wild and lovely
As in some enchanting dream.

From the valley, green as emeralds,
Graceful hills in beauty rise,
Far above, within the cloud land,
'Till they seem in gold and azure,
Eden as a Paradise.

Westward, where in liquid glory,
Sinks the sun into the night,
Heavens pearly, portals open.
And we seem to see the angels,
From the golden fields of light.

Wond'rous clouds as flaming chariots,
Seem to bear them on their way,
With their silver wings extended,
And their garments softly trailing,
Radiant with receeding day.

Seem they too to come as watchers,
Lest the darkness should prevail,
As the shining hosts of Jesus,
Watch against the Prince of this world,
And the gloomy gates of hell.



The Home.

On the hill that to the southward,
Rises in a robe of green,
Dwelt an old man with his loved ones,
With a saintly wife, and walking,
As an angel walks with men.

Loved and honored, Alian Ruel,
Was the name he ever bore,
As he lived among his people,
Fond of doing deeds of mercy,
For the helpless and the poor,

Giving to the sick and needy,
Helping in their great distress,
As he laid his store in heaven;
Daily heaping up his treasures,
By his works of righteousness.

Seeking for the frail and erring,
Who have wander'd from the way,
Pressing on with tender yearnings,
Tracing every mark and foot-print,
Where their wayward feet may stray.

Many were the good man's riches,
Rich in every noble deed,
All the people round about him,
Lov'd him as they lov'd a father,
For the kindly things he did.

Yea ! He was a faithful Christian,
Not as modern Christians are.
Love to him was real earnest,
Was a life of alms, and labor,
Strengthen'd by a life of prayer.

Much he had. He knew to use it
For his own, and other's good;
Knew denial, hardness, roughness,
How a mortal's brightest jewels,
Are the Souls reclaim'd for Good—

Knew how fasting, prayer and watching,
Must subdue the hosts of sin,
Form the endless Life of Heaven,
Might resistless, matchless Graces,
All the chasten'd soul within.

He was of the Church of England,
Born in her, and by her rear'd,
To the full, and deep conception
Of the meaning and proportion
Of the everliving Word.

Of the Faith, the germ resplendent,
Whence immortal Life proceeds,
Life which growing to perfection,
In the bitter paths of duty,
Follows where the Savior leads.

Constant as the Sun in rising,
Never failing, day by day,
Went he as a beam of sunlight,
With his tender wife and daughter,
To the church of God to pray.

Leading on with radiant foot-steps
All along the shining road,
Through the darkness, traps and dangers,
Through the snares of evil angels,
To the Life and Light of God.

Alian's home was nothing lordly,
Back upon the hill it stood,
High above the little city,
High above the winsome valley,
Like a bird's nest in the wood,

By the hillside wound a foot-path,
Beaten by the feet of men.
Far above, the great rocks tower'd,
And the wild vines closely cluster'd,
In a graceful mass of green.

Like the path of life and duty,
Lovely, but most hard to wend,
Shining as the light, and winding,
Through the darkness, death and dangers,
To a blissful happy end.

Up above the shaded prthway,
Wid'ning from the point below,
Rising gently to the Southward,
Spread' a lawn, a thing of beauty,
Where the wild birds come and go.

To the westward by the river.
Narrow grows the rugged scene,
Till it forms a lovely pathway,
Wild and wierd, abruptly rising
To the gentle sloping green.

On a cliff, a root-form'd and arm-chair,
Towers grandly o'er the town,
And below, the peaceful river,
Shining in the light of heaven,
Softly flowing, wanders on.

Where the lawn, the highest rises,
Where the birds at evening come,
In the centre of a garden,
In the midst of shade and flowers,
Stood the quiet, peaceful home.

O'er it ran the running roses,
Mingl'd with the columbines,
'Till the little porch was cover'd,
And the windows thickly curtain'd,
With the branches of the vines.

In it Alian dwelt and Mary,
And the gentle Mityleen,
To and from it pass'd the angels,
And in living, Light and beauty,
Walk'd the gentle Nazarine.

In these hearts, His throne was builded,
And His Light was shed abroad
Unseen spirits fair attended,
And the tender loving household,
Rested in the peace of God.

Mary, gentle wife of Alian,
Lovelier grew as time pass'd on,
O'er her aged pallid forehead,
Radiant graces of the Spirit,
Circl'd in a living crown.

From her placid Christ-like features,
Beam'd a loving heavenly grace,
Holy thoughts, like high-born spirits,
Came to many a sinful bosom,
Winging from her loving face,

Sweet indeed, are age's wrinkles,
If the cares from which they come,
Like the cares of gentle Mary,
Are to seek the lost and erring,
And to bring the wand'ring home.

Like an angel, walk'd this woman,
'Mong the vicious sons of men,
Calling gently to the lost ones.
Twining cords of love about them,
'Till they wept and left their sin.

Alian's home was ever happy,
By this gentle spirit blest,
Ever lovely, bright and peaceful;
Here the aching heart, had respite
From its struggles and unrest.

Bright as sunlight in the valleys,
On the tall trees, fair and green,
Bright as morning o'er the moreland,
Making all the heavens lovely,
Was the gentle Mityleen.

Lovely were her auburn tresses.
As the twilight set with stars,
As the mellow shades of evening,
By the glorious light divided,
Into streams and golden bars.

White as on the lofty mountains,
Is the fleecy driven snow,
Were her graceful neck and shoulders,
Fair as painters paint an angel,
Winging to the world below.

Sylph-like, free, o'er lawn and woodland,
Wander'd she a thing of light,
Innocent, she sang and warbl'd,
And along the shaded pathway,
Press'd the stones with restless feet-

When the softer hues of evening,
Melted into heavenly scene,
Beauteous in the light and glory,
In the ancient arm-chair, resting,
Sat she as the wild-wood queen.

Oft beside her, Manaen Hobah,
Liv'd a thousand lives in one;
Liv'd through all the coming future,
Dreaming of the endless pleasure,
When the maid should be his own.



The Woodman.

Time pass'd on, a sturdy woodman,
Turning from the way aside,
Stopp'd and ask'd for Manaen Hobah,
Where,—he said to Alian Ruel—
May the gentle youth abide?

E're the good man spoke, the woodman
Brush'd a tear drop from his eye,
Then, he said with deep emotion,
I had rather be that young man,
Than the proudest king to be,

Far! I live, adown the valley,
And my soul is stain'd with blood.
None have known me, but to hate me,
And my neighbors all around me,
Shun me as the curs,'d of God.

Long ago, my wife heart-broken,
In the quiet tomb I laid,
And my children which she left me,
Fear'd me, as they fear'd a mad-man.
For the sinful things I did.

From my rugged, woodland shanty,
I have seen the world move by,
One by one, and never many,
One by one, not very often,
Still I've seen the world move by—

Seen the rich man, cold, hard-hearted,
As the world for him were made,
Not a single touch of pity,
Rous'd my presence in his bosom,
For the sinful life I led.

By me, pass'd the starchy preacher,
With a hurri'd half-way nod,
As he felt his soul polluted,
Though it was but, just to see me
Passing on the public road.

By me, pass'd the smooth-fac'd elder,
With a heart so cold and dead,
That I, thought the Lord's religion
Was to varnish, and to whiten,
And the death within to hide.

Once there came a zealous parson,
Knowing of the life I led;
But he spoke so coldly, rudely,
Of my many evil doings,
That he left me more than dead.

Then a low, and foul seducer,
Lusting for my daughter's shame,
For she had a deal of beauty,
Look'd just like her poor dead mother,
To my wretched shanty came.

By his little show of goodness,
Kindly air, and gentle mein,
I was blinded, till my daughter,
Wander'd from the way of duty,
To the foulest haunts of sin.

Once I met him by the road-side,
Slew him in a deadly strife,
Then they bound me in the prison,
Tried me for the cruel murder,
Tried me for my wretched life.

But the court would not condemn me,
With my heart and hands defiled,
Though my life deserved no pity,
Yet said all the summon'd juries,
Who would not avenge his child?

Thus they spared me, vile and guilty,
But there sits a judge within,
To condemn me for the murder,
And I hear him ever saying,
Is a sin removed by sin?

Years passed on. My life was wretched
None there seemed to care at all,
'Till I felt this thought within me,
Sinful men love not the sinful,
Nor can pity those who fall.

While I thought, a young man coming,
To my cottage from the way,
Ask'd a cup of cool spring water,
When I gave it, took it drank it,
Gave me thanks and turned away.

Often did I see him passing.
Often did he call again,
'Till my poor boy, learned to love him,
And he wound himself about me,
'Till I saw and loathed my sin.

From his words, a life is burning,
Deepen'd by the flow of time,
By him too, my sinful daughter,
Has return'd, another creature,
From the dreadful haunts of crime.

All along the little valley,
Has the gentle young man been,
'Till the people living in it,
Have imbib'd the loving spirit,
Of the gentle Nazarine.

Where before was vice most fearful,
Moving with a noiseless tread,
Press the unseen feet of angels,
And new born, rise souls immortal,
From the darkness and the dead.

And the Christ, arrayed in glory,
With a shining, heavenly train,
Bursts the cruel chains that bind them,
With the radiant graces, clothes them,
And restores to light again.

And they rise as stars at midnight,
From the darken'd world of sin.
Shining in the train of Jesus,
Other streaming eyes behold them,
See the way and walk therein.

'Till the Savior bends in pity,
And removes the chains they wear,
Takes them, to His loving bosom,
With Himself in light arrays them,
Vests them with the graces fair.

And the kingdom comes with power,
In the which the Lord doth reign,
And its burnished walls, and towers,
Golden pathways, rise resplendent,
In the new-born hearts of men.

Alian heard this moving story,
Of the work by Manaen done,
Turn'd into his home, more happy,
Blessing God and blessing Manaen,
And the woodman wandered on.

Loud the bells pealed out next Sunday,
As the tongue of iron told,
How the aged, saintly, bishop,
Blessed the band, by Manaen gather'd,
To the safety of the fold.

Still I hear that rugged woodman,
As he brush'd the tear away,
Saying in his deep emotion,
I had rather be that young man,
Than the proudest king to be.



Reclaimed.

Once again a gentle maiden,
Thoughtless of the foe within,
Trusting fondly in another,
And forgetful of her duty,
Fell into the ways of sin.

Then her foul and low seducer
Left her, and afar away,
Fled as one in wrath pursued him;
For indeed, a dread avenger
Followed unseen in his way.

Soon her shame was faintly rumor'd,
Then was heard and known by all,
And her poor heart, crushed and trembling,
Felt the scorn, the world awardeth,
To the stumbling feet that fall.

Many whom we call here, Christians,
From her turn'd their heads away,
Held their garments brushing by her,
For they felt themselves polluted,
But to meet her on the way.

And the poor girl, faint, heart-broken,
Turned to those who too had err'd;
For the holy paths of virtue,
Seemed before her strongly guarded,
By a dreadful flaming sword.

Where could now she turn her footsteps?—
Where could now, she pity find?
Where was any earthly refuge?
E'en her youthful home reposed her,
And the trusted was a fiend.

So the poor girl, took her station,
With the outcast and unclean,
Day by day, went deeper, deeper,
In the fearful ways of folly,
In the horrid walks of sin.

Manaen heard this tale of sorrow,
As in heaven such things are heard,
And his soul was filled with pity,—
As he turned his weary footsteps,—
Seeking her, whose feet had erred.

Soon he found her, all entangl'd
In the dangers of the world,
As a shepherd finds a lost one,
And with tender care restored her,
Torn and bleeding to the fold.

But the wretched youth who wrong'd her,
Manaen sought, but never found,
Though he sent his prayers as angels,
Rising on the wing and seeking,
All the sinful world around.

And he labored meekly, gently,
With the poor girl's heart unclean,
'Till her wicked ways forsaken,
She had learned the way to heaven,
Followed Christ like Magdalene.

And for others, thoughtless, wayward,
Whose bright hopes of life were dead,
In her prayers, both morn and even,
Cried aloud, as Rachel weeping,
Who would not be comforted.

All the frail and erring children
Ever weak, and prone to fall,
Heard the gentle voice of Manaen,
As the sheep upon the mountains,
Hearken to the shepherd's call,

Ever and anon, a frail one,
Hears the voice and lifts the head,
Sees afar the gentle shepherd,
And from hidden foes and dangers,
Unsuspecting turns its tread.

Chief among his works of mercy,
Was to build the life within,
For the soul is more than body,
Heavenly graces are forever,
Deathless as the soul of men.

Yea ! he taught of Jesus' kingdom,
As the master of a school,
'Till in fair and full proportion,
Deeply felt and comprehended,
It was planted in the soul.

Planted as the wheat, and growing
To perfection by the word,
Drops its seed in other bosoms,
'Till the very world be planted,
For the sickle of the Lord.



Woood and Won.

As a deacon, consecrated,
To the Christ by word, and vow,
Loving hands, in benediction,
Rested on the brow of Manaen,
As the sun light on the snow.

Thrice the earth in light and beauty.
Floated sweetly 'round the sun,
And advancing, gentle Manaen,
Wore the holy priestly office,
By his prayers and labors won.

Thrice the moon, as some great spirit,
Sweeping through the heavenly scene,
Waxed and waned, and Manaen Hobah,
Ever true, and ever constant,
Won the gentle Mityleen.

They would tread life's way together,
Be it bitter, be it sweet,
And they thought not of its roughness,
Of its wounds, and dreadful bruises,
Of the thorns, to tear the feet.

Hearts so young, ne'er comprehended,
Why that way is ruby red,
How the glittering jewels on it,
Are the blood drops, freely flowing,
By the saints and martyrs shed.

How that way, erected in us,
Reaches to the realms of light,
How we climb aloft by sorrows,
How afflictions, as ^{the} angels,
Lead the stumbling feet aright.

Twenty moons, and then the nuptials;
Then the starting point of life;
Then should Manaen claim the maiden,
Press her fondly to his bosom,
And forever call her wife.

But, O God ! Thy ways are hidden.
Fearful is the way we tread,
Could those lov'd ones in the future,
Have foreseen the coming sorrows,
Would they have delayed to wed?



The Mission.

Far away, into the south-west,
Where the red man dreams of blood,
Manaen Hobah, loving, youthful,
Sought the rude huts of the Indians;
With the blessed Word of God.

In a grand majestic wildwood,
Hidden in the solemn shade,
Near a lovely limpid river,
With the red-man of the forest,
Manaen's humble home was made.

On a lofty rock, that tower'd
O'er the vale, the town, and flood,
Built of logs, hewn by the wild men,
Pil'd in tasty rural beauty,
Stood the little church of God.

From the wildwood, came the red men,
From the town the people all,
To the little rustic temple,
As to Mar's Hill, came from Athens,
Those who listen'd to St. Paul.

Manaen labored daily with them,
As a teacher in a school;
Not in preaching learned sermons,
Full of wit, and human wisdom,
Labored, Studied, made by rule.

Rich in fancy, bright, poetic,
For the finer sense of men,
Soaring upward as an eagle,
Farabove the common people,
Plodding in a world of sin.

Full of sound, of jesture, action,
Wordy pictures for the weak,
Which the simple take for gospel,
Look upon as things of wonder,
As a very God did speak.

Preached as crystal snow flakes falling,
On the crowded sloppy street,
Flashing in the air a moment
Melting, or unnotic'd, trodden,
By the heedless, trampling feet.

Preach'd as if the gifted preacher,
Knew not of the Christ, as king,
Of His kingdom, built within us,
Of the Virtues, Might's and Powers,
Plying ever on the wing.

Knew not of the inner being,
Endless Life, eternal Love,
Of the living Christ, begotton,
Growing in His perfect image,
In the Life of God above.

Knew not how the soul is saved,
From the rule of death, and sin,
How the kingdom, is within us,
And that God and all the angels
Dwell the loving heart within.

Not in tableaux, sacred concerts,
Suppers, grand bazars, and fairs,
Thought he to build up the kingdom,
Built of living stones, and precious,
Wrought by labors and by prayers.

Not by sweetly warbl'd solos,
Sung for gold, and not for God,
Sung, as if the heavens degraded,
To the vileness of man's level,
Waited ready to applaud:

Though, the singers feel within them,
Yea, they know, that far away,
Lov'd, ador'd, in worlds unnumber'd,
God regardeth not the worship,
Sung by sinful lips for pay.

Not by courting wealthy sinners.
Honor'd only for their gold,
Calling to the halls of Zion,
Men who would betray and sell her,
As the dying Lord was sold—

Men who rent the pews for lucre,
Sexton's, choir's, priest's reward,
Whole themselves, the lordly masters,
With their monkeys and their organs,
Grind before the throne of God.

Means, by faithless men invented,
Us'd the gaping crowd to win,
Gloss and gew-gaw to attract them,
To amuse but not to bless them,
Enter'd not his heart within.

Well he knew the Master's teaching;
How the Gospel, is the Creed,
How from this, the Life eternal,
Springs aloft in heavenly beauty,
As the fruit springs from the seed.

How this Faith, enfolds within it,
Germs, which scatter'd far and wide,
Sink into the heart, and growing,
Bear their blessed fruit, and drop it,
Into many a heart beside.

Yea to him, the Holy Gospel,
Was "Glad Tidings" of Christ's reign,
Joyous news of Jesus' kingdom,
Growing up in heavenly beauty,
In the deathless souls of men.

They who sow the world of Jesus,
Care not for the giddy crowd,
Men they gather, but to scatter,
Such are seed in heavenly garner,
Gather'd but to spread abroad.

Manaen as a faithful sower,
Strew'd the holy Faith as wheat;
Laden with it in his bosom,
Threw it broadcast for the harvest,
Careless of the toil and heat.

Faith to him was real, living,
More than dull lines, cold and dead,
Made to worry little children,
Written in the gilded prayer book,
Daily to be sung or said.

Yea to him, the Faith unfolded,
Light, and Wisdom, from on high,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
As a wond'rous heavenly vision,
Of the deep things of the sky.

In it, as within the heavens,
 'Raptur'd, saw he Christ the Lord,
In the glory of the Father,
Life and Light, and Truth, and Wisdom,
 Christ, the everliving Word—

Living Love, the Father's essence,
 Omnipresent, in His might
Moving with a force resistless,
Every form and living creature
 In the countless worlds of light.

Saw Him, ere the stars of morning,
 Sang together in the sky—
Saw Him as the Word incarnate,
Of a virgin born—the Savior,
 Of the ransom'd world to be—

Saw Him in His peerless kingdom,
 Reigning in the hearts of men,
With the powers of the heavens,
Winging round the crimson portals,
 And the burnish'd throne within—

Saw these souls, redeem'd and living,
 By the shedding of His blood,
Round about Him, meek, and vested,
In the graces of the Spirit,
 In the holy church of God—

With the Love, the Life of Jesus,
Glowing as a flame within,
Every evil thing consuming,
Light'ing up the soul immortal,
Ransom'd from the rule of sin—

Saw these souls, in glittering armor,
Brighter than the noon-day Sun,
With their Lord go forth to battle,
'Gainst the subtile host of Satan,
'Till the sinful world be won—

Saw them watching through the darkness,
All along the narrow road,
With their bright swords drawn for combat,
Walking up and down the ramparts,
Strengthen'd by the Might of God—

Saw them striving in the contest,
With the cruel subtile horde,
Trembling, Yea ! and often wounded.
Almost crush'd, and yet triumphant,
By the power of the Word.

By each sorrow, by each struggle,
By each conflict, pain, and woe.
Rising o'er the powers of darkness,
Led of God, and ever ready,
For the onset of the Foe.

In the path the wounded Savior,
Time ago had mark'd with blood,
Press'd they on, with eager footsteps,
Up and down the realms of darkness,
Bringing back the lost to God—

Saw them go in glittering phalanx,
Beauteous as the light, and fair,
Where the souls of men, as captives,
Tread the hidden ways of evil,
Thoughtless of the chains they wear—

Saw them, scale the gloomy fortress,
Hand in hand, and breast to breast,
Bind in chains the cruel powers,
And release the wondering captives,
From the reign of Anti-christ—

Saw these captives, timid, startl'd,
Gaze upon the heavenly Light,
Saw them join the train exultant,
Tread with halting feet uncertain;
Sometimes falling, in the flight—

Saw them rise as stars at evening,
Quicken'd by the living Word,
And by prayers, and watchings, fastings,
Clothe themselves with strength immortal,
In the panoply of God—

Saw the bright, celestial powers,
Build the city from on high,
Reaching from the earth, to heaven,
With the burnish'd walls, and towers,
Glittering through the starry sky—

Saw the Church, God's own creation,
Form'd of souls imbu'd with Light,
Kindl'd by the breath of heaven,
Flaming in a world of darkness,
Through the deepness of the night.

As a means, of God provided,
To light up the souls of men,
'Till as flame runs o'er the prairie,
Heart, from burning heart ignited,
Takes the Light, and gives again—

Means by which, from Life imparted,
All mankind, redeem'd are one,
And the sinful race of Adam,
Shall regain the perfect image
Of the Father, through the Son—

'Till from every generation,
Every race, and tribe of men,
Multitudes no man can number,
Rising, from the power of darkness,
Shall be one in Christ and clean—

Saw the church as Christ's own Kingdom,
One, and never more to fail,
By the Spirit, guarded, 'tended,
By the heavenly host defended,
'Gainst the horrid gates of hell.

With an endless line of teachers,
With one only Faith to spread,
As the body one of Jesus,
Broken into many fragments,
By which, the world is fed—

Bearing forth the life of Jesus,
Born their chasten'd hearts within,
Giving this, the food of angels,
Life of God, to sinful mortals,
For the triumph over sin—

Saw the church, revil'd and hated,
By the minions of the Foe,
Saw the Prince of this world, striving,—
Aided by his evil angels—
For her final overthrow—

Saw the Anti-christ infernal—
Rob'd as Christ, to eyes of men,
Sitting in the church, exultant,
Sowing seeds of endless discord.
Hate, and strife our hearts within.

Saw him form his man made churches,
As the church of God had fail'd,
As the bright and heavenly kingdom,
Had for evermore been vanquish'd,
And the gates of hell prevail'd—

Saw him in the name of Jesus,
Rend His holy church in twain,
Rend His body, buffet, scourge him,
Press the cruel cross upon him,
Crucify the Lord again

Saw the church in might resistless,
Every evil form assail,
Meeting all the hosts of darkness,
As an army strong, exultant,
Over every foe prevail.

As the gentle loving Teacher,
Of the heavenly kingdom taught,
Sleepless, rose, the forms of darkness,
Skilled in every art of evil,
And against the Master fought.

Some there were, to scorn and hate him,
As were some to hate the Lord,
Who revil'd the truth, he taught them,
Spurn'd the master, in the servant,
And the oft' rejected word.

Called him bigot, godless church-man,
And the church, they called the Beast
And their preachers from their pulpits,
Spoke against the youthful teacher,
As he were the Antechrist.

Yea they said—This godless church-man,
Vital piety has none,
He unchurches other churches. —
All forgetful they, that Jesus
Has but one church, only one.

This is Christ's, His living body,
Through it runs His Life Divine,
If, from this they have departed,
Who can more than this unchurch'd them,
Cut them from the living Vine.

Wroth, they call'd the church of England,
"Harlot" "Beast" and "Branch of Rome,"
For they knew not, that her bishops
With a holy, high commission,
From the living Christ have come.

That her white rob'd lines unbroken,
Are a net-work, not a "chain,"
Running through the sinful nations,
As the net, that Jesus spoke of,
Woven for the souls of men—

Knew not how, from out her bosom,
Holy bishops forth were sent,
Long before the lawless Roman
Ever set his daring footsteps
On the rocky shore of Kent.

Knew not, how Old England struggl'd,
For the very Faith they claim,
How her Lauds her Riddleys, Cranmers,
Swell'd the noble host of martyrs,
Dying to defend the same.

How in wounds, and pain, they wrung it,
From the Roman's bloody hands,
How, with bleeding, hearts their children,
Hold it up, in glittering beauty,
For the lighting of all lands.

Some there are, whom truth, devotion,
Love, and duty, never win.
Hatred in the garb of heaven,
Sows the seeds of death eternal,
By their leaden eyes unseen.

They who hated Manaen Hobah,
Zealous, cruel, sought his fall,
As the forty men, in compact,
Bound themselves in secret conclave,
For the ruin of St. Paul.

Woe to them, unloving, wayward,
Who in madden'd zeal would tear,
In the name of Christ, His Kingdom,
Rend the love, the seamless garment,
Which the Church redeemed, should wear.

As before the King of Israel,
For the child, the two complain,
She the mother, yearn'd unto it;
But who feigned to be the mother,
Would have had it rent in twain.



The Havoc.

Subtile wroth, the Prince of darkness,
Spread his wings upon the blast,
Stirr'd the hearts of sinful people,
Swept into the Western ocean,
North and South, and East and West.

There were some, who saw him rising,
And proclaim'd him far and wide;
But to spirits, men are blinded,
Though they flood the world, and sweep it,
As an angry ocean-tide.

Still he came with darken'd pinions,
Through the crowds of madden'd men,
Mov'd the Mass, as winds in Summer,
O'er the praries far extended,
Move the ripen'd fields of grain.

Wildly, wildy, did he sway them,
As the waves by tempests borne,
'Till a thoughtless self-willed people,
Riven with opinons varied,
Rag'd as breakers round Cape Horn.

Then the smoke of burning cities,
Rose in lurid blackness high,
Then the bitter cries of anguish,
From the weak and helpless, rising,
Pierced beyon'd the distant sky.

Blood from arms, too weak, and aged,
For the labor of defence,
Stain'd the shameless swords of soldiers,
Husbands, in the sight of lov'd ones,
Murder'd, died without offence.

Homes erelong so bright and happy,
Burn'd to cinders in the flame,
Gentle women, fair and stainless,
Torn away and wildly ravished,
Died in bitterness and shame.

Homeless, wretched, some were driven,—
Wanderers, strange land within—
Some were worn away in prisons.
Some by shameless sale of virtue,
Bought their freedom by their sin.

All these wrongs, these woes and sorrows,
At the last will rise again.
Vain attempt, would be to tell them.
As a fearful horrid vision,
Shall they meet the sight of men.

Let us then, in peace forgetful,
Hide them, draw a curtain o'er,
Shut them from the aching vision,
Pray that God will lead the people,
That they learn to war no more.



The Change.

As upon the great Atlantic,
Storm clouds, gather in the sky,
And abroad the vivid light'ning,
Leaping from the vaults of heaven,
Shakes the caverns of the Sea—

And the waves in angry tumult,
Sounding, seek the distant shore,
Rolling on in foam, and blackness,
Bearing every bark before them,
On to ship-wreck and to woe —

So three years of dreadful tumult,
Of the war had passed away,
And the lov'd ones of my story,
Scatter'd were, forlorn and wretched,
As the ship-wrecked on the sea.

All the lovely home of Alian,
Wrecked and ruin'd, sere and brown,
Was a heap of cinder'd rubbish,
And the stillness of the ruin,
Was the sorrow of the town.

And of Alian's gentle household,
None the story could declare,
It was said, that cruel soldiers
Came at night and burn'd the dwelling,
And the loved ones perished there.

Binea Hobah, heard a rumor,
That his Manaen had been slain;
That his heart's blood wet the prairie,
And his bones, unknown, unburri'd,
Bleach'd upon the Western plain.

And there came no tidings from him,
From his own, or foreign lands;
Or withheld by some official,
Who retained them for a purpose,
Came not to his aged hands.



Seeking.

Weary moments ! sorrow-freighted,
In a long, long, cheerless train,
Pass'd away, as Israel's children,
From the camp at Bael Zephon,
Through the Red Sea o'er the plain.

Years departed, yet no tidings !
None the lov'd and lost had seen,
And the vines crept o'er the ruins,
As their tendrils had been guided,
By the hand of Mityleen.

Flitting birds came down at evening,
Singing, as they came to tell,
How they saw the cruel soldiers,
Burn the peaceful home to cinders,
How the flames lit up the vale.

Spring-time came, with mirth and beauty,
And the winter came with snow
In the summer, mov'd the shadows,
Where the gentle loving maiden,
Years ago would come and go.

Then there came a beauteous Spring-time,
When the lawn was green and fair,
And the shadows fell in softness,
All along the silent path-way,
By the elm-tree and arm-chair.

Then there came, a noiseless footstep,
With a solemn silent tread,
Came a beauteous pallid maiden,
As some fair angelic spirit,
Of the saintly, blessed dead.

With a mien, subdu'd and placid,
Down the shaded way, she trod,
As within herself she struggl'd,
With her heart subdu'd, to bring it
Fashion'd to the will of God.

Resting in the mossy arm-chair,
Far away (her spirit) rov'd,
With the swiftness of an angel,
Passing over seas and nations,
Seeking for the much belov'd.

Then it came again unto her,
For the search, had been in vain,
Nowhere, could it find her Manaen,
Winging through each far off nation,
And o'er every distant main.

Then with white hands meekly folded,
Fairer than the snow is fair,
With her eyes upturn'd and pleading,
And her poor heart bruise'd and bleeding,
Turn'd she to her God in prayer.

Father ! In Thy mercy hear me ;
Let my prayer be not in vain.
Bring, Oh ! bring, the lost one to me,
As Thy blessed son, the bridegroom,
Coming for His bride again.

If it please Thee, Holy Father !
That my poor heart, suffer still,
Give me grace, to bear it meekly.
Bring me to complete subjection,
To Thy bless'd and holy will.

Though Thou lead'st me through the furnace,
And the flames pierce through and through,
Though my hopes like castles builded,
In the heat consume and perish,
Burn'd to cinders, through and through—

It is thus, Oh Holy Father !
Thou dost bless, who trust in thee.
'Tis by passing through the furnace,
Through the cruel flames and burning,
That we grow again like Thee.

Though Thou slay me, I will trust Thee,
Though Thou rack with deeper woes,
He who made the world can err not.
Heavenly blessings come from sorrows,
As the fragrance from the rose.

It is better, Oh my Father !
To have strength to love Thy will,
Strength to bear it, strength to do it,
Than to have the cup of pleasure,
And to drink it to the fill.

Give me strength, to know, and love Thee,
Strength to say "Thy will be done,"
'Till myself is lost completely,
And Thy Word sha'l dwell within me,
'Till Thy will and mine be one.

Bruise me, Oh my Father ! Bruise me.
Lead me through the burning till,
All my aims, ambitions, powers,
Yearnings, motives and endeavors,
Shall be fashion'd to Thy will.

Thus the loving prayer was ended,
And with gentle step and light,
Pass'd the lovely pallid maiden,
Down the stilly moon-lit pathway,
Through the shadows of the night.



Manaen and Mitylene,

MARANATHA.

PART II.

Rising from the silver waters,
Is a beauteous land and bright,
Rear'd aloft, between two oceans,
Till its mountains, through the cloud-land,
Pierce the golden realms of light.

God-like forces, strong, resistless,
Apt, unerring and unseen,
Over every vale and mountain,
Rear the living forms of beauty,
To the heavy gaze of men.

Sprinkling with their restless fingers,
Lovely flowers here and there,
As they spread them, in the pathway
Of the ever-living Father,
From the glittering worlds afar.

From the earth, the palm uplifting,
And the mangoe, dark and green,
Every beautious plant producing,
As for nobler better creatures,
Than the sinful sons of men.

Through the azure depths of heaven,
Move they fleecy clouds of light,
Lead the shining worlds unnumber'd
As the forces of Christ's kingdom,
Moving 'gainst the shades of night.

Men, unthinking, dull, unconscious,
As the worm beside the way,
Dwell among celestial powers,
Brush'd by beating wings of angels,
Knowing not, unapt to see.

In and through and round about them,
Dwelleth God, enrob'd in light,
All unknown, while through and through
them,
Pass unheeded, bands of angels,
Moving with resistless might.

To this land, from out the distance,
Crowded on the surging flood,
Come the waves, as living creatures,
Lifting up their arms and falling,
Suppliant at the throne of God—

As they wept, with great hearts bleeding,
For the sinful race of men—
As they saw the woes impending --
Saw the death without an ending,
And the impious tribes of sin—

Saw the Foe with aspect dreadful,
In the church, with iron rod,
Dark, relentless and presistent,
Prince malignant, o'er the people,
Ruling in the stead of God.

Saw them, and in pity pleaded,
Lest the hope of men should fail,
Lest the Foe should so oppress them,
That their light go out in darkness,
And the "Gates of hell" prevail.

As a temple's wall, uplifted,
Range, on range, the mountains high,
Touch the starry roof of heaven,
And the milky clouds, as spirits,
Wander through the azure sky.

As a solemn miserere,
Float the zephyrs light and thin,
And their passing through the forests,
Make the tiny leaves to tremble,
As the hearts of sinful men—

Tremble, as within the future,
When the graves give up their dead,
Men look back in fear, and tremble,
In dismay, too late repentant,
For the thoughtless lives they've led.

In a vale, where green clad mountains,
Seem a pathway to the sky,
And the soften'd hues of evening,
Hide the dwellings of the angels,
From the longing of the eye—

By a rushing mountain torrent,
In the deepness of a vale,
Cultur'd, gentle, meek and Christ-like,
Gather'd by a common sorrow,
Strangers, in their exile dwell.

Many strong and noble spirits,
Cloth'd upon, by weaker clay,
Princely men, and gentle women,
In the midst of lovely gardens,
Waited in this land away.

In their midst, a thing of beauty,
Fair and bright, the sweet church stood,
And the bell from out the belfry,
To the worship, call'd the people,
To the holy church of God.

Yea, the Christ had journey'd with them,
Walking ever by their side,
Leading, unseen, hosts of angels,
Gather'd with them in their temple,
Morning and at even-tide.

Fill'd with Life, their loving spirits,
Rose upon the wing away,
As a band of holy angels,
Pressing through the distant cloud-land,
To the glittering realms of day—

Flooding all the vale with music,
In the language of the sky,
Rising o'er the lofty mountains,
Trembling on the wing, and pressing,
To the throne of God Most High.

He who read the holy service,
In his grey locks, meekly stood,
As his silver head were whiten'd,
And his radiant features lighten'd,
By his nearness unto God.

It was Alian, Alian Ruel,
Leading to the realms of day,
Whether in his home beloved,
With the dear ones of his bosom,
Or with strangers far away.

'Twas the custom of the village,
From a time remote they said,
In the holy Advent season,
To set forth in joyous service,
Jesus' coming for His Bride.

Then the way along the mountains,
Brighten'd with the glittering light,
As the joyous bridal party,
Came with him, the chosen bride-groom,
In the watches of the night.

From the maidens of the village,
In the bright Ascension-tide,
When the Church in holy service,
Tells us of the Bride-groom's coming,
One is chosen for the bride.

But the bride-groom, none must know him,
Till he come the bride to claim,
'Till the priest of God revealing,
Call in hearing of the people,
The belov'd and well known name.

And the people from the service,
Learn that Christ, God's only Son,
In Himself and in the Father,
Shall unite, though now asunder,
All God's children into one.

And the growing into oneness,
Is the robing for the feast.
When this oneness is perfected,
Then the holy Church is marri'd,
To the ever-living Christ.

Long had pass'd the fleeting season,
Of the bright Ascension-tide,
And a tender loving maiden,
Had been chosen from the strangers,
As the beauteous Advent-Bride.

She, the chosen of her comrades,
Was the gentle Mityleen,
Dwelling with her loving parents,
Working with them in their exile,
For the good of sinful men.

He, who chasteneth whom he loveth,
Had not spar'd the chastening rod.
'Till her young heart turn'd as meekly,
As the love of Jephtha's daughter,
To the blessed will of God.

Sorrow hung her drooping pinions,
Thrown in shadows o'er her face,
And in heavenly inspiration,
Touched her fair, and lovely features,
With a soft angelic grace.

In her tender, loving bosom,
As a temple of the Lord,
Minister'd the unseen spirits;
And the gentle loving Savior,
Led the shining hosts of God.

Her sweet spirit meekly follow'd,
Where the loving Master led,
Building His eternal kingdom,
With Him filling up the number
Of the living from the dead—

In the sultry days of Summer,
When upon the air unseen,
Pestilence, disease and anguish,
Hung with beating wing, but noiseless,
O'er the quiet homes of men—

Sent of God, to check or chasten,
Lest the thoughtless feet should stray,
And forgetful of the ending,
Of the life, or death, impending,
Should forever lose their way—

Sent to some, to scourge and turn them,
Some to gather to their rest,
Some to bring unto their portion,
With the false and unbelieving,
Who reject the love of Christ.

In a vine-clad rustic cottage,
In a garden by the wood.
Restless, in a burning fever,
Laid an aged Christian Aztec,
Chasten'd by the hand of God.

Here the ever-loving Savior,
With his heavenly host had been,
Here as surely as the angles,
With the morning, or the evening,
Came the gentle Mityleen.

Once she sat beside her patient,
When returning health and light,
Lit his features, as the morning,
Bursting sweetly o'er the mountains,
Drives away the shades of night.

In her heart, the thought had risen,
Of her Manaen, and the eye
Of the sick man, saw her sorrow,
As a cloud had cast a shadow,
Passing through the sun-lit sky.

Why—he said—should one who comforts
Others in their sore distress,
Bear alone, some hidden burden,
Which another, by the sharing,
Might remove, or make it less?

It indeed, she said, is blessed,
All alone a grief to bear ;
But thyself to be more blessed,
Reacheth forth thy heart, to help me,
And an unknown grief to share.

Hear ye then, my simple story,
Though the proffer'd help be vain—
It may while away a moment,
May give strength to bear and suffer,
Thus to share another's pain.

In our home, myself and parents,
By a green-wood dwelt alone.
And a dear one Manaen Hobah,
Was the son of our next neighbor,
Lov'd and honor'd in the town.

We in childhood play'd together,
Children, each the other won,
And our hearts were bound together,
As two vines, with twining tendrils,
Grown together, seem but one.

Long we lov'd, and long were happy,
In our wretched land away,
Living fondly for each other,
And we hop'd to tread together,
Hand in hand, life's thorny way.

Then the war swept o'er our country,
As a storm sweeps o'er the sea,
And our home was wreck'd and ruin'd.
Friends and lov'd ones, far were driven,
Helpless to this land away.

Manaen Hobah, faithful, loyal
To the blessed church of God,
Won the hatred of the erring,
Who, unloving, have departed
From the oneness of the Lord.

Suffer'd he most cruel sorrows,
From the hate of wicked men.
Some have said, was foully murder'd.
With this sad and painful story,
Long I wept for Manaen.

Then in prisons did I suffer,
From a tyrant's cruel hand,
For my own dear bleeding people,
In the fierce unequal struggle,
Surging o'er our fated land.

When releas'd, I labor'd fondly,
With a loyal heart and true,
For the sick and wounded, dying,
Of my own, poor stricken people,
As I thought my Lord would do.

Once, among the dead and dying,
Where I labor'd, day by day,
From a pallid, dying Indian,
Heard I of my Manaen Hobah,
Living in the wilds away.

Then with weary feet I wander'd,
To the red men of the wood;
But no tidings of my Manaen!
Some have said the thirsty praries,
Long ago have drank his blood.

Then, with one, an aged red-man,
As protector by the way,
Up and down the vales and mountains,
Look'd I for the gentle Manaen,
Where his wandering feet might stray.

Know ye not of Manaen Hobab,
From the land from which I came?
Do his footsteps press these mountains?
Or from others coming, going,
Have you ever heard his name?

Do you know him? Have you seen him,
In the country far or near?
Have you heard of any stranger,
Wandering in lonely exile,
Driven by the cruel war?

Then the sick man, careful fearing,
Lest he rouse a hope in vain,
Said in tender deep compassion,
Listen while I tell a story,
And a moment more detain.

It was Autumn, in the evening,
And the rosy color'd light.
Rested on the hills and wood-lands,
And the golden clouds in beauty,
Passed beyond the mountain height.

Shadows as the wings of spirits,
Hung above the vale and wood,
Overspread the quiet cottage,
Where beside the vine-clad window,
In the soften'd light I stood.

Evening with her trailing garments,
Crown'd with golden stars of light,
Swept the valley and the mountains,
And ~~the~~ with twinkling jewel'd fingers
Ope'd the chambers of the night.

Then with weary footsteps pressing,
Came a stranger to my door,
Came a young man, strong but way-worn,
And his gentle, manly features,
Many marks of anguish bore.

Give me stranger, said the wand'rer,
Food and lodging, for oppress'd,
Are my weary limbs, and aching,
And my body, us'd to hardships,
Faints for wanted food and rest,

Come, said I, for weary strangers
Welcome !—from afar or near.
May the everliving Father,
Give me grace and strength to gather,
And provide them food and cheer.

Then he came, but through the evening,
Seem'd his spirit far away,
As it sought some love'd and lost one,
And unmindful of the body,
Hasted, nor could brook delay.

As the evening pass'd perceiving,
That I saw and felt his woe,
Pli'd he me with searching questions,
Of all strangers in the country,
Of their passing to and fro.

Then he told me of his sorrows,
Told me of the lov'd, and lost,
Driven from their home in anguish,
How his lov'd and native country,
As the sea, was tempest toss'd.

Then he told me, how in dreaming,
Came the heavenly forms of light,
How he saw, God's holy angels,
Bearing to him his beloved one,
In the visions of the night.

What he told me, I have written,
For I saw it was no dream.
Saw that God, and heavenly powers,
Are within and round about us,
And things are not what they seem.

Listen said he—I will tell you
Of the visions of my head,
How the glittering forms of heaven,
Have enkindl'd in my bosom,
Fondest hope, a long time dead.



The Dream.

Time ago, oppress'd and weary,
Came I, at the close of day,
To my cottage in the forest,
Where I labor'd for the red-men,
In a wild-wood far away.

Then I thought of Jesus' kingdom,
Of its glory, of its light,
Thought how strange, that men unheeding,
Pass'd her glittering walls of beauty,
To the gloomy vales of night.

Thinking thus, a gentle slumber,
Sooth'd my aching heart to rest,
And my painful, deep emotions,
Quiet as the birds at mid-night,
Slumber'd in my peaceful breast.

In my slumber, came an angel,
Brightly vested, through the sky,
Roll'd aside, the glittering portal,
That the holy light of heaven,
Rested on me where I lay.

Through the soul's mysterious chambers,
Unseen spirits from the skies,
With a gentle step, and noiseless,
Mov'd as Gabriel, through the temple,
In the wond'rous olden days.

And, as one rolls back a curtain.
Shutting out the light of day,
So the spirit, bright and beauteous,
All the clogs of mortal vision,
In a moment roll'd away.

Then before me, in the valley,
As upon an endless plain,
Gather'd all the tribes and nations,
All the tongues and generations,
Of the sinful sons of men.

And a wide and boundless city,
Darken'd as when sets the sun,
Stretch'd afar 'till lost to vision,
Richer than the mighty Cairo,
And the queenly Babylon.

As an angry storm-cloud gather'd,
In the blackness of its might,
Rose a sable throne, and horrid,
And upon it, gloomy, fearful,
Sat a dragon, dark as night.

At his feet, a beauteous virgin,
With her garments trail'd in blood,
With her jewel'd hands enfolded,
Rais'd her streaming eyes to heaven,
Pleading in her tears with God,

But the dreadful, sable Monarch,
Scowl'd upon her from his throne,
And his minions, in their anger,
Full of hatred, fierce and dreadful,
Trode her beauteous robes upon.

This is she, in pride presumptuous,
Who would o'er the nations reign,
Said the false priests, and false prophets,
As they trode her precious jewels,
With the trampling feet of swine.

There they scoff'd, and spat upon her,
Bending on the knee, would fall,
Striking with their palms, and mocking,
As the crowd, that mock'd the Savior,
In the common Judgment hall.

Shouting, as the rabble shouted,
When they led Him on to die,
Wagg'd their heads, and look'd upon her,
As upon the fainting Jesus,
On the hill of Calvary.

None there was at hand to save her,
None to pity her distress,
Given to the Tempter's fury,
'Till the coming time appointed,
For the succor and redress.

Then the Holy angel leading,
As the star the wise men led,
Brought me to the way that Jesus,
When He cometh as the Bride-groom,
With the jeweled Bride must tread,

Then beyond the lofty mountains,
High as holy angels wing,
Beauteous in its light and glorious,
As the silver moon at midnight,
Rose the palace of a king.

Near the road, unto the palace,
By the Great King, watched and kept,
Fair as infants, in the slumbers,
In the stillness of the mid-night,
Beauteous virgins waiting slept.

By them, golden lamps were burning,
Shining as the stars, and bright,
Trimmed by loving hands, and ready,
To light up the way before them,
Through the darkness of the night.

There they slumber'd, worn with watching
Waiting long, the way beside,
For into the glittering palace,
Soon with music, shouts and gladness,
Christ should lead His radiant Bride.

Some had thought—behold ! He cometh
Ere the first watch of the night—
And they slept, with oil unfurnish'd,
Careless they, and all forgetfull,
Waiting, may consume the light.

Far, the light pierc'd through the darkness,
To the city in the vale,
Where the fair, and beauteous virgin,
Rent the glittering vaults of heaven,
With the deepness of her wail.

Tell me, O thou, bright-winged spirit !—
Full of wisdom from on high—
Said I to the angel, tell me,
What is this the wondrous vision !
That, as in a dream I see ?

What is this, where sits the monarch,
In the solemn fearful vale,
Where the beauteous virgin pleading,
With her fair limbs torn and bleeding,
Rends the heavens with her wail ?

Who are these ten virgins sleeping,
By the palace of the King,
As a solemn vigil keeping,
Worn and weary, sunk to sleeping,
Waiting for the tarrying?

She within the darken'd valley,
Trampl'd in the dust,—he said—
As the Daughters fair of Zion,
Chosen by the Heavenly Father,
Whom the coming Lord shall wed.

Hidden from her view and waiting,
Stands the Bride-groom, by her side,
Till the sorrows, she shall suffer,
Shall with heavenly graces deck her,
As the virgins deck the bride.

Thus the Lord of love, arrays her,
For the wedding of His Son,
'Tis by sorrow, deep, and fearfull,
Labors long, and sad, and tearful,
That the Church and Christ are one.

Yea with many a tear of anguish,
Shall the Bride her jewels wear—
And by woes, and pains, and sorrows,
Shall put on her costly garments,
Cleans'd by ceaseless fast and prayer.

Every earthly spot and carnal,
Must be washed away in blood—
Pure as light, nor spot, nor wrinkle,
Must the Daughter fair of Zion,
Be presented to her Lord.

Heavenly graces, come from bruises,
And the Life of heaven born,
Grows in deep severe affliction,
From the Love of God, within us,
By the bleeding of the Son.

They, the sleeping virgins, waiting,
Through the night, the road beside,
Are the souls of men, expectant,
Waiting for the coming Bride-groom,
Married to His Church and Bride.

When the church and Christ are wedded,
When they one shall be from twain,
Then indeed the Bride-groom royal,
Into His eternal mansions,
Enters with His shining train.

They with lamps, well trimm'd and burning,
Stor'd with oil for all the night,
And the souls redeem'd, and furnished,
Who are ready, though He tarry,
Till the coming morning light.

Who the heavenly knowledge perfect,
Deep within their hearts have stor'd,
Who the Faith have comprehended,
And within their chasten'd bosoms,
Build the Kingdom of the Lord.

Whose deep Faith illum'es the darkness,
Ever with renew'd supply,
And along the path of ages,
Swells the flood, that lights the nations,
To the mansions of the sky.

They with shining lamps and burning,
Still unfurnish'd for delay,
Are the souls whose faith decayeth,—
When the Bride-groom long delayeth,
Cease to love, and fall away.

He the Bride-groom, long hath tarri'd,
And His lov'd one waits beside,
But anon, when they are marri'd,
Comes a cry, Behold the Bride-groom,
Joyous, cometh with His Bride.

He the Christ is only absent,
From the carnal sense of men,
As within some distant country,
But indeed is ever by us,
Walking with us, though unseen.

Absent, though forever present,
Far away, yet ever near,
Absent, from the vile, and faithless,
Present to the well beloved,
Through the rolling Christian year.

When He cometh, they now sleeping,
With their lamps, and vessels full,
With their shining lights, resplendent,
Shall arise, and enter with Him,
To the joys unspeakable.

They the poor, the foolish virgins,
Who have lost the living faith,
See no more the coming Bride-groom,
With their love has light departed,
And the Life that springs from faith.

They must dwell in outer darkness,
Where the faith goes out in night.
They who feast, without an ending,
In that one great, bridal supper,
Know the holy Faith aright.

Now again, the angel bore me,
To the dark and gloomy vale,
Where the dreadful, cruel Monarch,
Scowel'd upon the weeping virgin.
Rending heaven with her wail.

In the darkness, without number,
As the sands uncounted grains,
Yielding, Yea, and willing captives,
Human souls, bowed down with fetters,
Through the darkness dragg'd their chains,

Trembling in their somber prisons,
With their hands enchain'd they stood,
Peering through the lurid darkness,
With their leaden eyes, unconscious,
Of the blessed Light of God.

Cloth'd in blackness, as a raiment,
Fitted for the Foe of men,
In the midnight gloom, appalling,
In the lost soul's darken'd chambers,
Sat the dreadfull "Man of Sin."

Black as he, and full of malace,
Round about, in gloom profound,
Full of envy, hate, and power,
Seaven fearful, and scowling spirits,
Mov'd in sleepless watch around.

Unto whom, a might was given,
Which the strongest soul might slay,
Or into eternal darknes,
Chain'd, secure, compliant captives,
Base, corrupted, lead away.

Pride.

Unto one, erect, and haughty,
As the leader of the band,
Was committed such strange power,
That in every generation,
Millions perish by his hand.

He it is that paralyzes,
All the powers of the soul,
Turns the eyes forever outwards,
Suffers not to see the foulness,
Which the hidden thoughts control.

Suffers not his feeble captives,
Helpless in his iron sway,
Aught to know, of Light and duty,
Aught of Life, and Truth, and Wisdom,
Which the born of God may see.

But he fills the living chambers,
Of the deathless soul, with night,
Draws a somber curtain o'er,
Hides the beauteous ways of heaven,
And the shining hosts of light.

Lust.

To another, strength was given,
Fair seductive, to portray,
To the heart, such scenes of softness,
To arouse such inward burning,
As may turn all feet astray.

And the soul, within her chamber,
As unconscious of the woe,
Sits as David at his window,
While the lovely hurtful visions,
Work within the overthrow.

Covetousness.

To another strength was given,
Still for ruin, woe and pain,
To arouse a gloomy passion,
A remorseless, deathless yearning,
For the heaping up of gain—

Yearning, which is all absorbing,
Which for gold, all blessing yields,
Wrongs the widow, and the orphan,
And defrauds the honest hireling,
Whose hard labor reaps his fields—

Yearning, which will rouse the nations,
In a dread, remorseless strife,
And for gold to fill the coffers,
Sack and burn, great towns and cities,
Prodigal of human life.

Envy.

And another had the power,
Meanest of the cruel clan,
To corrupt the living fountains,
Poison all the deep emotions,
Rising from the heart of man—

'Till the soul, debas'd, corrupted,
Grieveth for another's gain,
Pines in hate of other's blessings,
Labors as a slave to mar them,
Happy in another's pain.

Gluttony.

Still another hath the power,
What is beastly to unchain,
Drown the soul in self-indulgence,
In excess of eating, drinking,
To engulf the souls of men.

'Till besotted, base, corrupted,
Sleep they in a dreamless sleep,
That no loving voice can waken,
Though it be the cry of Jesus,
Seeking for the wand'ring sheep.

Murder.

Blackest of the clan, another,
Foul and dreadful, where he stood,
Had the power, base and fearful,
To arouse the soul and drive it,
On to horrid deeds of blood.

'Till, as born of hell and perfect,
In the dark excess of sin,
He had turn'd his face forever,
To the foulest ways of evil,
Madly prone to walk therein.

Sloth.

Still another—Oh, how dreadful !
All the being could control—
Had the power. strange resistless,
To congeal life's hidden currents,
As the night-mare of the soul.

To oppress it with inaction,
Burden with a ponderous load,
'Till the powers, bless'd of heaven,
Had no strength to rouse and lead it,
Through the narrow way to God.

Not for light and peace eternal,
Heavenly Life, nor fadeless crown,
Nor for joy and rest forever,
Far beyond the vale and river,
Would he feel the biting thorn.

Legions which no man can number,
Round the throne, in armor stood,
With the marshal'd tread of soldiers,
Mov'd they on in order dreadful,
'Gainst the trembling saints of God—

Scal'd the walls and storm'd the ramparts,
And with impious feet and foul,
Cruel, loathsome and persistent,
Came as locusts through the windows,
Of the chambers of the soul.

Oh ! the fallen, precious loved ones,
Who have yielded to the Foe,
What the number, through the ages,
'Till the end, when God reveals it,
None but God himself may know.

Men whose hands have sway'd in power,
Millions of their fellow-men,
Taken cities; these have fallen,
As the faded stars of heaven,
Never more to rise again.

Lo ! I wept to see the vision,
'Till my heart within me died,
Wept until the holy angel,
Came, and turn'd my eyes in pity,
From the angry host aside.

The Heavenly Host.

Then from out the heavenly glory,
Radiant, in the sight of God,
Clothed in glittering, princely amor,
Full of might, in peerless beauty,
Mov'd the everliving Word.

Not encas'd in form, or limit,
Object fitted for the eye,
But the essence of a spirit;
Love and Life, resistless power,
Which no carnal eye can see.

In the image of the Father,
Perfect in celestial grace,
Perfect Life, and Truth and Goodness,
Far beyond the highest power,
Of angelic minds to trace.

He who sees the train of glory,
Climbs above the flesh and sense,
Then indeed, he seeth spirits,
Seeth God, and finds the Kingdom,
In and round him, not from hence.

Watching, Fasting and Prayer.

Forward in the train of glory,
As no eye of flesh hath seen,
Beautiful and full of power,
Mov'd the three celestial Graces,
Watchful for the good of men.

These be they, who stand beside us,
Watch for danger, and alarm,
Drill the soul, for deadly combat,
Call the heavenly hosts about us,
Shielding from impending harm.

The Graces. Faith, Hope & Charity.

Next with jewels crown'd, and vested,
With resplendent robes of light,
Came the Graces, bearing power,
To arouse and lead the spirit,
From the gloom of death and night.

Fill the soul with heavenly ardor,
Give it wings, to mount and fly,
Strength to bear the cross of Jesus,
And to tread with bleeding foot-steps,
'Long the narrow thorny way.

The Four Powers.

Ey'd, and wing'd for faultless action,
Four celestial Powers came,
Shining through the heavenly Kingdom,
Pictur'd to the mind of mortals,
By a figure, not a name.

One was calm, serene, and thoughtful,
With a loving human face,
One was boldness, strength, and courage,
One was patient, meek endurance,
Bearing burdens for our race.

One was eagle's penetration,
Wide of range, expert to scan,
All the deeper ways of wisdom,
Every truth, and form of beauty,
Hidden from the eye of man.

The Seven-Fold Spirit.

Fairer than the light of Eden,
Ere the fruitful birth of sin,
Radiant powers, born in heaven,
And the Holy Seven-Fold Spirit,
Follow'd in the shining train.

Holy Fear.

Holy-Fear with wings extended,
As a flaming, burning star,
With the Light of God effulgent,
Follow'd, clad in heavenly armor,
As a peerless man of war.

Unto him a strength was given,
In the deepness of the night,
To descry the forms of darkness,
Gloomy, subtile, strong and hidden,
'Long the narrow way of light—

To arouse the soul that slumbers,
Show it dangers, on the way,
Lest the heedless feet should stumble,
Lest the glittering snare enticing,
Turn the thoughtless heart astray.

True Godliness.

Where this spirit leads another,
Beateous, strong and cloth'd in light,
Fills the soul, alarm'd and pleading,
With a heavenly grace exceeding.
All the force of Satan's might,

That, through all the realms of darkness,
It may walk with feet secure,
Though it fall, yet ever rising,
Though it stoop to help the fallen,
Still remaining ever pure.

Cleansing every spot and blemish,
In the precious crimson blood,
'Till all white, and pure, its vesture,
Radiant as a diamond, lighted,
With the living Light of God,

Knowledge.

Then, a spirit full of power,
To light up the heavenly way,
Follow'd in the train of glory,
Cloth'd in bright celestial beauty,
Which no eye of flesh may see.

Filling all the living chambers,
Of the new-born soul with Light,
'Till it sees in matchless splendor,
Jesus' everlasting Kingdom,
Overcoming death and night—

Sees the earth and heaven peopl'd,
Fill'd with Life—by men unseen—
Hosts on hosts, of heavenly powers,
Building up the endless Kingdom,
In the new-born hearts of men.

Sees the way of life and duty,
Shining as th Truth of God,
Mark'd with foot-prints of the Savior,
And adorn'd, as if by rubies,
With the drops of crimson blood.

Sees it winding through the darkness,
And the hidden ways of sin,
Sees the countless, prowling demons,
Sleepless as the stars and watching,
For the deathless souls of men.

Sees it winding, hard and narrow,
Rugged, rough and all untrod,
As no mortal's daring footstep,
Fearless could assay to walk it,
To the endless rest of God,

Ghostly Strength.

Then another flaming spirit,
As a giant arm'd for war,
Cloth'd with power as a raiment,
Tower'd in his strength resplendent,
As the bright and morning star.

By his might the soul awaken'd,
Flooded by eternal day,
Gazing on the path of duty,
Has the strength to rise and walk it,
All along its bitter way.

And with grace Divine, and matchless,
Knowing God's most holy will,
Fearless, will arise and do it,
Trusting, will bow down and bear it,
For that God can do no ill.

Counsel.

Next, within the train of glory,
Follow'd one, with brow serene,
Beauteous as no pen or pencil,
As no word, or tongue could paint Him,
As no mortal eye hath seen.

By his strength, the soul bewilder'd,
Seeking how God's will to do,
Learns to do it, as He wills it,
As within the highest heaven,
Holy angels know to do.

Learn to walk, by heavenly counsel,
Learn to labor, and be still,
Guided by the Seven-fold Spirit,
By the Word of Life, and Wisdom,
In the working of God's will.

Turn'd by Truth and heavenly guidance,
Ever to the ways of Love,
Doing good and never evil,
As the high and holy spirits,
Work the will of God above.

Understanding.

Then resplendent, fair and glorious,
As from many stars, the light,
Mingl'd in a beam effulgent,
Came another wondrous spirit,
Shining in celestial might.

By his power, deep, unerring,
All the will of God is seen,
How to bear it, how to love it,
How in tenderness to work it,
'Mong the sinful sons of men.

By his might the soul exalted,
Treads the perfect way of God,
Sees the snares, the cunning ambush,
And with sword, and shining armor,
Presses on the thorny road.

Caring nothing for the wounding,
For the scars, and drops of blood,
Nothing for the foes malignant,
Nothing for their fair allurements,
Nor the roughness of the road.

Knowing that the pain and bleeding,
Which befall us on the way,
Work us out a joy, exceeding,
Every hope, and every pleading,
In the light of perfect day.

Wisdom.

Like to seven-fold suns in brightness,
Shining with a flaming sword,
Fairest of the train, and perfect,
Came the last and most exalted,
Of the powers of the Word.

By his strength the heavens were builded,
And the earth was form'd below,
And by him the Word eternal,
Builds the everlasting Kingdom,
Worketh Satan's overthrow.

Happy is the soul perfected,
Where this spirit dwells within,
Full of light aloft he soareth,
'Long the narrow way he flieth,
From the darken'd world of sin.

Unto him the pains and anguish,
Are the blessings of the way,
With an eye alike the eagle's,
Far beyond the goal he pierceth,
To the glories of the sky.

Yea, he sees the coming Savior,
In the clouds that so affright,
When the raging storm is darkest,
Sees he most, the radiant powers,
Winging from the fields of light.

Multitudes of Angels.

Next, a host, which none can number,
Follow'd in the heavenly train,
Glorious, peerless, forms of splendor,
Marshal'd for unceasing combat,
For the captive souls of men.

Through the darken'd vale and gloomy,
Where the Dragon sits in might,
Mov'd the shining hosts of Jesus,
And the heavenly forms of beauty,
Pierc'd the lurid reign of night.

Captive souls, in darken'd prisons,
Saw the light and heard the tread
Of the fair celestial legions,
Marching all intent to save them,
From the darkness and the dead—

Then subdu'd, and naked, shackl'd—
Trembling, in their prisons, stood,
Weeping for the joy surpassing,
Of eternal Life, and freedom,
In the coming of the Lord.

In the light that show'd their bondage,
In the strength, such knowledge gave,
With their hands enclasp'd, and pleading,
Cried they to the Lord, beseeching,
To unbind them and to save.

Then their shackles, crumbl'd from them,
And their graceful limbs were free,
Hosts on hosts, they rose unfetter'd,
And were cloth'd by angel powers,
In the light of perfect day.

Then the struggle, Oh, how fearful !
Constant, sleepless, and within,
Wag'd by fainting souls, enfeebl'd,
By the long and cruel bondage,
To the powers dread of Sin.

Fierce the contest and unequal,
Strong the onset of the Foe,
But along the walls and ramparts,
Run the glittering hosts of Jesus,
For the Dragon's overthrow.

One by one, the ramparts weaken,
One by one, the towers fall,
Satan's hosts, reluctant driven,
Sullen, beaten, but unconquer'd,
Move before the Lord of all.

Then before the wondering vision,
Spread the valley filled with light,
Where ere-long, the peerless Leader,
Through the cheerless gloom and darkness,
Led the heavenly host in fight.

She ere-long the weeping virgin,
Trampl'd by the feet of men,
Cloth'd in costly, snowy vestments,
Stood beside the glorious Leader,
As His well beloved Queen.

Then the hosts of heaven shouted,
All along the starlit sky,
Christ the Lord, has been united,
To His Church, His Bride forever,
“Glory be to God on high.”

Then the holy angel flying,
Brought me at the close of day,
Midway of the holy city,
Where of old, the Temple glitter'd,
O'er the mountains far away.

There beside the hill of David,
Where the jewel'd throne had stood,
Over 'gainst the hill of Zion,
Spoke he of the endless Kingdom,
And the hidden things of God.

Long—he said—hath been the struggle,
Fearful the relentless strife;
But the time hath come that Jesus,
Shall lead forth in glorious triumph,
All the radiant hosts of Life.

Wars and fightings, strife, and discord,
Noise, and clamor, soon shall cease,
Evil, shall depart forever,
And among God's ransom'd children,
Shall forevermore be peace.

Antichrist, the monster dreadful,
Sitting now the church within,
Shall be driven from the Kingdom,
Through the ways of endless darkness,
With his cruel tribes of sin.

And the churches, now dissevr'd,
Shall forever-more be one—
Men shall all be knit together,
Tender, loving, high exalted,
In the Father, by the Son.

Here, in wonder and emotion,
With my hands enclasp'd I stood,
Gazing into heaven's vastness,
With my eyes suffus'd, and streaming,
Worshipping and praising God.

As I stood, soft strains of music,
Rose in sweetness from the plain,
And advancing in her beauty,
With a shining band of angels,
Came the loving Mityleen.

Came into my arms extended,
And the holy angel said,
So the Church shall come to Jesus,
Every heart be knit unto Him,
And the Royal Bride-groom wed.

Real in its life and beauty,
Did the heavenly vision seem,
But the deepness of emotion,
Rous'd me from my gentle slumber,
And I found it but a dream.

Though not all a dream, the Father,
By this vision would portray,
Good things coming in the future,
Hidden from the vile and thoughtless,
Which his well-beloved see.

Much the youthful stranger told me,
And arous'd within my breast,
Deep, and strong, the Life eternal,
Growing in the Father's image,
Springing from the Life of Christ.

When the morning, o'er the mountains,
Fill'd the valleys with its light.
And the music, from the woodlands,
Rose as new-born hopes arising,
From the darkness of the night—

On his way, the gentle wanderer—
Pass'd along the rugged road,
Facing many a trial and danger,
As some pilgrim, boldly pressing,
'Long the narrow way to God.

Where he wander'd, may the angels,
Ever be, to guide and guard,
Keep him from the hidden dangers,
As the angels guard the pilgrims,
Pressing on the way to God.

Rising as it were, from dreaming,
Spoke the loving Mityleen,
This is Manaen, I will seek him,
Where his weary footsteps pressing,
In the valleys fair have been.

Then the maiden, glad, and thoughtful,
Through the solemn twilight grey,
Through the shadows of the pathway,
To the cottage of her parents,
Hope renew'd, went on her way—

Weeks had pass'd. The gentle Aztec,
Well, restor'd, away had gone,
And his humble reed-thatched cottage,
In the little cosy garden,
Stood deserted and alone.

And the maiden yearning, hopeful,
Tender, loving, fair and meek,
Gather'd strength, afar to journey,
Over many a vale and mountain,
The belov'd and lost to seek.

Advent.

Over now the hills of Judah,
Pass'd the glittering stars of night,
Advent as a winged herald,
Cried aloud "Behold the Bridegroom,"
Cometh, on the wings of Light !

Down the pathway of the ages,
See the glittering torches, where,
Sleep the beauteous loving virgins,
Waiting, till the Church be marri'd,
To the Royal Bride-groom fair.

See the Bride-groom, standing, ready,
Forth to bear the radiant Bride,
Waiting, that array'd in beauty,
One she be with Him forever,
Walking ever by His side.

Oh ! How long the Bride delayeth,
To be one with Christ, her Lord,
Wasting time with gloss, and tinsel,
While without and uncomplaining,
Waits the blessed Son of God.

In the village, in the wild-wood,
Loud and long, the sweet bell swung,
And the gentle loving people,
Listen'd to the tones of gladness,
Winging from its iron tongue.

When the shadows of the evening,
Rested on the vale, and wood,
Day departing as a curtain,
Show'd the radiant stars of heaven,
Moving round the throne of God.

All the maidens of the village,
With their lamps well trimm'd and bright.
Took their stations on the mountain,
Waiting for the coming bride-groom,
In the shadows of the night—

Took their stations, joyous, watchfull,
Where must pass the lovely bride,
Peering through the somber darkness,
But when overcome with watching,
Sleeping all the way beside.

And their well trimm'd lamps and burning,
Glitter'd as the light of day,
As the souls redeem'd and bless'd,
In the lost world's dreary darkness,
Shining on the narrow way.

Then along a beaten pathway,
Through the darkness of the night,
Came the gentle aged Aztec,
Where the home of Alian Ruel,
Glitter'd as a jewel bright.

Glad he held his burning torch up,
As a faithful trusty guide,
And the young men of village,
With the chosen youthful bride-groom,
Sought the cottage of the bride.

Long they waited, while the virgins,
Plac'd the shining robes and fair,
And with apt and ready fingers,
Plac'd the glittering stones in beauty,
In the coils of braid'd hair.

All was ready, and advancing,
As some lovely Eastern queen,
With the virgins of the chamber,
Bright as golden stars of evening,
Came the gentle Mityleen.

There before her, Manaen Hobah,
Guided by the hand of God,
Glad as was the heart of Jacob,
When he found his lost and lov'd one,
In his manly beauty stood.

It is Manaen ! Cri'd the maiden.
Falling in a swoon she lay,
As her loving, grateful spirit,
Winging would adore the Father,
In the brighter worlds away.

Here we draw a curtain over,
For no pen can draw the scene,
Tell the rapturous joy exceeding,
When the gentle loving Manaen,
Found his long lost Mityleen,

When the maiden unexpected,
Found the well belov'd restor'd,
Found her own, her gentle Manaen,
Brought again unto her bosom,
By the loving hand of God.

Can the heart conceive the rapture,
Which shall rise the Church within,
When she shall perceive beside her,
Christ the Lord, now waiting for her,
All the ages long unseen?

Lo ! He waiteth now beside her,
Uncomplaining at delay ;
But she seemeth not to know it,
Weeps as if her Lord were absent,
In some region far away.

You may see Him, O beloved !
Though not with the carnal eye,
Spirit's piercing undimmed vision,
Can alone perceive the spirits,
And the powers of the sky.

You may see God's holy angels,
 Feel their wings within your breast,
Feel their noiseless burning footsteps,
And among them, fair and radiant,
 See the very, living Christ.

Now the living pair were wedded,
 And with burning torches bright,
Manaen bore his well-beloved,
Forth with music and rejoicing,
 To His cottage, through the night.

Binea Hobah, Alian Ruel,
 Gentle Mary, all were there,
And their greatful hearts uplifted
Swung unto the gates of heaven,
 With unceasing praise and prayer.

Then then the virgins on the mountains,
 Who were ready, join'd the train.
Others who had come unfurnished,
In the outer darkness wander'd,
 As benighted souls of men—

Begging oil to fill their vessels,
 Where were none at hand to sell,
Careless at the time of buying,
Anxious when their lights are dying,
 In the darkness of the vale.

Then into the halls of feasting,
Enter'd all the loving train,
As into the courts of heaven,
Lighted by the Word eternal,
Enter shining souls of men.

Long they feasted and were happy,
As the saints of heaven blest,
In the Father's shining mansions,
Feasts forever and forever,
Oh the very Life of Christ.





Manaen and Mitylene,

PART III.

THE UNKNOWN GUEST.

One, among the guests had enter'd,
Early in the even-tide,
Bidden by the gentle Manaen,
As they trode the path together,
Winding on the mountain's side.

None before, had ever seen Him,
None had ever heard His name ;
Though from o'er the rugged mountains,
Knew they, that at fall of evening,
He with gentle Manaen came.

Tender, meek, and unpresuming,
Light was in His loving eye ;
Beaming from His noble features,
As a heavenly radiance fallen
From the windows of the sky.

From His hands, the blood was oozing—
From His feet and riven side.
On His brow, the thorns were pressing,
And His seamless robe, all riven,
By the trickling blood was dy'd.

And the purple marks of scourging,
For the dying race of men,
Rose in gaping, bleeding furrows,
Whence the flowing, crimson current,
O'er His quivering shoulders ran.

Marr'd His features were, and sadden'd,
As his heart felt all our woe,
Felt it in its utmost deepness,
Felt a bitter weight oppressive,
Which no other heart may know.

With the joyous happy moments,
Rapid fleeting, wing'd with light,
Pressing onward, nothing heeding,
Pass'd the first and second watches,
Through the shadows of the night.

By the beauteous, radiant stranger.
Mary linger'd with Alein,
Spoke He to them of Messiah,
Of his coming, of His Kingdom,
Of His blessed endless reign—

Of the Daughter fair of Zion,
Through the cycle of the years,
Waiting for the coming Bride-groom,
Pouring out her soul in anguish,
And in bitter burning tears.

Through the noise, of mirth and gladness.
Words, as tender living things,
Came unto the happy people,
Sought admission to their bosoms,
Beating with their radiant wings.

Till the Life was rous'd, within them,
And in every loving breast,
Rose the deathless soul, to listen,
As of old the well beloved,
Hung upon the words of Christ.

And the gentle stranger taught them,
Of the Might and Thrones unseen,
Of the shining, heavenly Powers,
Building up the endless Kingdom,
In the new born hearts of men—

Taught them how, that Christ is Spirit,
Living, perfect, endless Love,—
Is the essence of the Father,
Is the Life, that reigns within us,
Ruling as in Heaven above.

Know ye not—He said—beloved,
That the living Lord is here,
And that coming through the ages,
Shine aloft His glittering footsteps,
All along the rolling year?

Can ye not perceive a Spirit
Fair as light and wide of wing,
Dwelling in God's chosen people,
Ruling, guiding and uplifting,
In the power of a King—

Leading countless radiant spirits,
Gains't the powers of the night,
Kindling by His touch within us,
Life eternal, from the Father,
Flooding all the world with light—

Gathering in one the nations.
Freeing them from death and sin,
Cleansing them by flame and burning,
And as circling suns uplifting,
Fair and bright, His throne within?

Have ye never comprehended,
That the rended Church we see,
Torn and trampled by the nations,
Scorn'd and spurn'd, by prince and people,
Is the Bride of Christ to be?

That this is the royal virgin,
Who shall wed the Son of God,
And forever and forever,
Over all the ransom'd nations,
Reign a Queen beside her Lord—

Clothed in Light, in Truth effulgent,
From the heavenly courts above,
Crown'd with bright celestial graces,
Every radiant feature burning,
With the light of endless love—

Beauteous as the morning rising,
O'er the mountains cloth'd in light,
By her peerless beauty, driving,
From the sinful world forever,
All the shadows of the night?

But, alas! The Lord will try her,
As the melting gold is tried;
And in passing through the fire,
Seven times shall purify her,
For the Christ, array the Bride.

Know ye not, that holy angels,
Now are sent from God on high,
Sent with piercing flaming fingers,
To consume the weak and carnal,
And the church to purify?

Through the biting flame consuming,
Shall their faithful footsteps guide,
'Till within the dreadful burning,
She from all things vile and sinful,
Shall be cleans'd and purifi'd.

All her fair and radiant garments,
Whiten'd are by flame, and blood,
And the strength to do and suffer,
Shall forever and forever.
Be her oneness with her Lord.

Hast thou mark'd the Bride of Jesus—
Her fair garments soiled and worn—
How each priceless, beauteous fabric,
By the lost world's loathsome contact,
Has been traml'd soil'd and torn?

She with fondest hope expectant,
Waits, with many a burning tear,
Watches through the troubl'd ages,
Counts with aching heart the seasons,
Of the passing Christian year.

He, her Lord, meanwhile, beside her,
Arm'd and strong, with glittering crest,
Unseen, wages constant war-fare,
'Gainst the darkest form of evil,
'Gainst the dreadful Anti-Christ.

He hath come, that Jesus spoke of,
 "Prince of this world," "Man of Sin"
And has rais'd his foul, dominion,
In the frail hearts of God's children,
 There instead of Christ to reign.

Not a man with crook and mitre,
 Not a king with fire and sword,
But the same old Prince of evil,
Reigning in our sinful members,
 In the Kingdom of the Lord.

And he is not unattended.

 Round about him foul, and thin,
Stronger than the Roman legions,
Fiercer, darker, more in number,
 Are the impious tribes of sin.

In their might they have invaded,
 Every recess of the soul,
Rule the hearts of sinful mortals,
Sway the priests, and bring the people,
 As wild asses to control.

Few indeed with fine perception,
 Comprehend the Faith of Christ,
Build within, His fair dominion,
Sparkling as the Light of Heaven,
 In the deepness of the breast.

Anti-christ the dreadful, reigneth,
In the temple of the Lord;
Turns the hearts of God's poor children,
As the weather-vane in Summer.
From the everliving Word.

In the fair schools of the Kingdom,
Sit the minions of the Foe.
Where should shine the Light effulgent,
In a burning stream of glory,
Black as night, they come and go.

Arm'd from head to foot in darkness,
Where unguarded sleeps the soul,
Creep they over arms neglected,
Over strong unmann'd defenses,
With their i npious feet and foul.

Jewels from the depths of heaven,
Sparkling with the Light of God,
Mingl'd with the dust and rubbish,
Cover'd from the sight and burri'd,
By their loathsome feet are trod.

And the living truth is darken'd,
By the subtile webs they weave.
From these schools of Ghostly learning,
Vapid, fulsome, go the teachers,
God's poor children to deceive.

And they mount the oaken pulpits,
Crimson as the Savior's blood,
And the doctrines teach of devils,
Fill the holy Church with darkness,
In the name of Christ and God.

They whose tongues should shout the ti-
dings,
Of the Kingdom far and near,
Preach instead their clanging doctrines,
And with vague, and puffy nonsense,
Fill the seasons of the year.

And the time that Jesus spoke of,
"When I come shall faith be found?"
With a warning sign portentous,
Gathers as a storm tremendous,
All the sinful world around.

And the Kingdom! Oh How dreary,
When the Faith sheds not its Light!
Darker than the curse of Egypt,
Gather over all the nations,
Dreadful shadows of the night.

Of the tidings of the Kingdom,
Yearning souls no longer hear,
In the stead they learn of wafers,
Waxen tapers, burning candles,
Altar-cloth's, and priestly gear.

And they learn how from these wafers,
Priests can make the living God,
From the bak'd dough, make His body,
From the juice press'd from the vintage,
Make His very, real blood.

And they prostrate fall, adoring,
Bow the knee, and cross the breast,
In their stupid hearts persuaded.
That the bak'd dough of the wafer,
Is the real living Christ.

Then they eat the Christ, as dough-nuts,
With the champing teeth of swine,
Not into their hearts but stomachs,
Taking him and not perceiving,
Ought of Him the Life Divine.

Others tell how brawling preachers,
Wading through a stream away,
Plunge poor creatures under water,
And forever and forever,
Wash their dreadful sins away.

As if water, could wash spirit,
Matter reach and cleanse the soul,
Unperceiving, that a spirit,
By the stream of Life eternal,
Must be cleans'd from what is foul.

Others, teach fore-ordination.

Of the few sav'd by the blood,
Of a mass predestinated,
To a hopeless condemnation,
By the firm decree of God.

Others teach, that all are saved,
Good and bad, it matters not,
Vice and virtue are indiff'rent,
For the mercy of the Father,
Has for all a common lot.

And they know not that salvation,
Is progressive steps from sin,
And the blessed Life that ends not,
Is the Love of God Eternal,
Growing new born souls within—

Flaming as a star within them,
Leading, to all deeds of love,
As the Light that mov'd the angels,
Restless in their works of mercy,
Winging from the worlds above.

Multitudes come to the Churches,
Yearning for the "living bread",
While the learned titl'd teachers,
With a gentle flowing accent,
Serpents give and stones instead.

Some who can't persuade the people,
To be fond of such strange feed,
Please the eye with forms aesthetic,
Fill the ear with costly music,
Give them pleasing sounds instead.

Seek to build and fill their churches,
With a silly, gaping crowd,
Who will rent and fill the benches,
For their pleasure or amusement—
Not for any love of God.

And the Living Faith, the Gospel,
Given by the Lord, the Creed,
Out of which grows Life eternal—
When receiv'd and comprehended,
As the fruit comes from the seed—

This is found as Christ, in Prayer-books,
Daily in the service read,
Where who will, have access to it,
By the careless and unthinking,
Only to be sung or said.

Learned in the cant, and nonsense,
Of blind leaders of the blind,
Lead they gaping crowds of people,
Carri'd by each sounding doctrine,
As the chaff before the wind.

Wordy, puffy, with vain Knowledge,
Vague inaccurate and dry,
Knowing nothing of the Kingdom,
Feed they chaff to God's poor children,
When for "living bread" they cry.

They who know not of the Kingdom,
Teach it not to those who hear.
All the trees within the garden,
May be known in time of fruiting,
By the kind of fruit they bear.

How can grapes come forth from brambles,
Evil trees bring goodly fruit?
Figs be gathered from the thistles?
And from tares sown in the furrows,
How shall living wheat take root?

From a Knowledge of the Kingdom,
Of Messiah and His reign,
From the Love, caught from His teaching,
Springs the Heavenly Life eternal,
In the deathless souls of men.

Deeds of evil, sown by devils,
In the hearts of men take root,
Rank as noxious weeds, and thrifty,
Grow they, though unwatch'd or tended,
And mature their bitter fruit.

Anti-christ, thus sits and soweth,
Evil in the hearts of men,
Broadcast o'er the world he throws it,
And the winds receive, and cast it
Where it roots and seeds again.

Thus the seeds of Life eternal,
Sown by faithful men and true.
In the furrow'd soil made ready,
Brings its fruit unto perfection,
In the bosoms of the few,

Thus the dreadful Prince of evil,
Strives against the saints of Light—
Through the holy Church of Jesus,
Restless, fearless, ever-watchful,
Move the powers of the night.

Heresies and fierce contentions,
Bitterness, divisions, strife,
Tear the Church, the robe of Jesus,
Into parts, as Pilate's soldiers,
Tore His robe, who took His life.

Evil spirits bear God's people,
From the ways of life and Light,
From the ways of Love and duty,
From the brightness of perfection,
And engulf them in the night.

To the young, unskill'd and thoughtless,
Wild of will, unguard'd gay,
Come they and with soft allurements,
Lead them down the path of darkness,
From the Light of God away.

Yea, they enter, take possession,
Close the windows of the soul,
Lest the Light of God should lighten,
And the living Lord in mercy,
Gain again and keep control.

One by one, unthinking careless,
Souls immortal stoop and fall,
Though the loving Savior seek them,
They engulf'd in outer darkness,
See no light and hear no call.

Bishops, fall from Life eternal,
Deacons, with the priests go down,
Great men fall, as leaves in Autumn—
Many a life goes out in darkness
As the setting of the Sun.

Devils, rule God's faithless children,
Rule them with an iron rod,
Guide the counsels of their churches,
Make them do the work of Devils,
In the holy name of God,

Heaven blushes at the evils,
Wayward Christians stoop to do,
Holy angles weep in pity,
And the purple wounds of Jesus,
Ope their lips, and bleed anew.

Faithful men, with hearts unswerving,
Too are wounded in the fray,
Bleeding, fainting, though unyielding,
Cling they to the loving Master,
While the weaker fall away.

Open-eyed, awake and staring,
Sees the world, the hurtful sin,
But she knows not of the struggle,
Of the daily ceaseless combat,
Of the poor soul wag'd within.

Sees her not, all wounded fainting,
Falling, rising, in the strife,
Faithful, constant, and unbeaten,
Warding off the darken'd legions,
Press along the way of Life.

And she knows not how 'tis glorious,
Weak and fainting, still to strive,
'Gainst the dreadful hosts of evil,
And when all is death around her,
Faithful, loyal, still to live.

So God's children, frail defenceless,
Bear the onset of the Foe,
When they stumble in their weakness,
Lo! The sinful world rejoices,
And are glad to have it so.

Thus the lov'd of God are hated,
By the sinful, for their sin,
Sheep mid wolves, as Jesus taught them,
Outside godless men will tare them,
And the vengeful Foe within.

Satan beats God's helpless children,
Treads them with unsparing feet,
Bruises, tosses, shakes and sifts them,
As in threshing, sturdy farmers
Bruise and shake and sift the wheat.

Lo! A storm is now arising.
Signals have been hung abroad.
Far and wide, o'er all the nations,
Are the warnings and monitions,
Of the coming wrath of God.

One from out the fields of Heaven.
Has descended in his Might,
Gathering the unseen forces,
For a struggle, dreadful, final,
With the powers of the night.

With him are the high born Spirits,
Who in heavenly courts abide,
Unto whom the might is given,
To discern all forms of evil,
And the good to set aside.

They whose hearts despise God's Kingdom,
Knowing not its Life and Light,
See with glaring eyes the evils,
Creeping through the heedless churches,
From the borders of the night.

Eagle-ey'd, ungodly, graceless,
Men whose hearts know naught but sin,
Sparing not, shall sift the churches,
As of old the careful farmers,
Sifted trodden fields of grain.

Bishops, Priests, aspiring Deacons,
Chosen men, in Moses' seat,
Wayward preachers, dull or gifted,
By unsparing, hidden powers,
Shall be sifted as the wheat.

All those sordid souls, unworthy,
Shall from far the grief behold,
And shall scatter, as the hirelings,
When at midnight urg'd by hunger,
Leaps the wolf into the fold.

Thus the vile, the weak, the faithless,
Evil men of every kind,
From God's Kingdom shall be driven,
As from off the floor of Atad,
Chaff was driven by the wind.

Horny hoofs, encas'd in iron,
Shall the shining wheat make bare,
And the flail shall beat and thresh it,
Winds shall take the tares unfruitful,
Which the reapers hand may spare.

Those fair souls who love God's Kingdom,
Poverty and want shall try,
Strange neglect, worth unregarded,
Love despis'd and unrequited,
Fill the garner of the sky.

And the strength to love and labor,
Bear the burden and the heat,
Is the *Life*, the grain made perfect,
By the flail, the wind, the sifting,
And the trampling of the feet.

Evil Spirits, are God's Angels,
Through the ages sent abroad,
That no living soul escape them,—
Sent to sift and drive the evil,
From the treshing floor of God.

Men whose will sway many millions,
Rule the nations in their pride,
Kings and princes, priests and bishops,
Young and old of every order,
By these spirits dread are tried.

Winged with death, alert and sleepless,
Full of eyes each soul they scan,
And for months and years they try it,
Morning, evening, unrelenting,
Through the dreary life of man.

Sometimes, as the grain they beat it,
Till the rounded wheat appear—
Sometimes as the gold they heat it,
And again, again repeat it,
'Till it gloweth bright and fair.

Heated as a burning oven,
Is the great day of the Lord.
As the children in the furnace,
Only they unscath'd pass through it,
Who in meekness walk with God.

Chaff bears not the fan and sifting,
Dross shines never in the flame ;
'Tis in sifting and in burning,
That the lov'd of Christ are sever'd,
From who only wear His name.

When the harvest shall be gather'd,
From the threshing comes the wheat—
When the world is tried by fire,
Purifi'd by seven-fold burning,
Comes the gold from out the heat.

Christ walks through and through the
furnace,
Where the well-belov'd are tried ;
Where were three, behold the fourth one,
Bearing all the burning with them,
Walks in love unharm'd beside.

When the seven-fold heat is greatest,
Then the dross lets go its hold ;
Sorrows drive the vile and faithless,
From the Church as in the furnace,
Dross is sever'd from the gold.

When from out the dreadful burning,
Comes the Church, enrob'd in light,
She shall shine in living beauty,
As the star of evening resting,
On the borders of the night.

As a city fair, descending,
From the living God on high,
As ten thousand Suns united,
Shall her bright and heavenly radiance,
Drive all darkness from the sky.

From afar, all men shall see her
And shall leap and cry aloud.
In their inmost hearts confessing,
Her the fairest, best creation,
Of the endless Love of God.

They whose hearts in scorn rejected,
Doctrines vain by devils taught,
See the Heavenly Light transmitted,
See the endless Life enkindl'd,
By a coal from heaven brought.

And they bow the heads enraptur'd,
In their hearts adoring Christ,
Yea they build the heavenly kingdom,
Shining as a priceless jewel,
In the deepness of the breast.

They who still expects Messiah,
Shall behold Her, and the sight,
From the ends of earth shall call them,
And enkindle in their bosoms,
All the powers of the light.

Weeping all the sons of Jacob,
From their wand'rings shall return,
Shall behold their own Messiah,
And upon ten thousand altars,
Heaps of fragrant incense burn.

They the erring, darken'd churches,
Who have lost the heavenly Light,
Shall come back enrob'd in sack cloth,
And arise from out the darkness,
As the stars come out at night.

They, the wayward, who have wander'd,
From the oneness of the Fold,
Who the seamless robe have sever'd
Rising, as from death awaken'd,
Shall the heavenly Light behold.

Rob'd in sack-cloth and bewailing,
Bath'd in tears their thoughtless sin,
They shall catch the light celestial,
And the Christ the Life of heaven,
Shall erect His throne within.

All the sinful race of Adam,
From afar shall see the Light,
And o'er cruel ways forsaken,
Press forever and forever.
From the borders of the night.

Then shall be the great at-one-ment,
All the sinful race made one,
Through the working of one Spirit—
One forever and forever.
In the Father through the Son.

And the growing into oneness.

Is the great King's marriage feast.
All the world redeem'd from evil,
Brought to oneness with each other,
In their oneness with the Christ.

* * * * *

Morning came, and o'er the mountains,
Lit the beauteous vales below,
Still no loving guest departed,
Their entreaties held the stranger,
And refus'd to let him go.

This is Christ, they said, the Bride-groom,
Waiting till the flame hath tri'd,
Waiting till the firery fingers,
Of the angels, have perfected,
And in light array'd the Bride.

This is not a poet's fiction,
For the finer sense of men,
'Tis a picture though imperfect,
Of the unseen, living powers,
All unknown to mortal ken.

Was it not foretold as plainly,
Ere the end should come that day,
That the living Lord departed,
He should come, the "Prince of this world."
And the Faith seem to decay?

That should come contentions, strivings,
And with many love grow cold;
That the Lord should smite the shepherd,
And the ravening wolves should enter,
Scatter and not spare the fold?

That the Lord should come in brightness,
That the Light the Foe should slay,
That to Him the heavenly Kingdom,
By the Father should be given,
Which should never pass away.

That should come the great at-one-ment,
By the which the world is blest,
That perfection of this onenes,
Is the church redeem'd, enfolded,
To the bosom of the Christ?



ERRATA.

Page 29, 6th line, 6th word, should read
“for.”

Page 20, 9th line, 5th word, should read
“refused.”

Page 109, last verse, 1st line, 1st word,
should read “Seeds ”

Page 15, 3rd verse, 2nd line, last word,
should read “Mien.”



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